

I Will Send One Thousand Horses!

Storm purple dragon of dragon's breath whirling
and whirled in the world of the star start.
Tarocci tea cup well of the storm, where slept by a tree trunk Sam.
We make 'em and break 'em and hire 'em and fire 'em,
Animals herded and handed their tools.
And rose up the banners of red and of black,
of blue green and yellow, of claret and sack.
The birds and the workers through the eye had all flown.
The sea was a 'swirlin' and all hands were shook,
and the land that was sighted was schemed in a dream.
So we came with our banners, our sweat and our strike,
to protest like these troubles and clash in a cloud.
The bird of the spiral, the dish, dash and dot
had lifted up wings, downed tools and was free.
And the storm purple dragon of dragon's breath whirling
was whirled with a whisper, broke out and was gone.

Chaos, great mother,

bifurcation of turbulences creates our world.

Nine purple bones/fitting the skin/striking resemblances/Suddenly/the skeleton
brain/wrapping your surface/your imaginary dimensions/Suddenly/your fantasy surface/is
deeper to you/than bone marrow/Suddenly/finger hand thumbs/silicon hair shape/deeper in
than seven/Suddenly/nine black organs/lungs liver heart/striking the air/Suddenly/reality
solid/you made up your face/extending your vision/Suddenly/in externalised mind/hollows of
the head/legs of the heart/Suddenly/around beginning/in liquid heat/hitting the
earth/Suddenly/mask of red/cloak of purple/centre pink/SUDDENLY/We had drifted from the
Land of the Gods to the Land of Block/writers wandered the wasteland/crying out for
energy/for ideas/for a way to go/the Blockland mindscape seemed infinite/each writer
wandered in their own purgatory/screaming and crying/beating their heads against the
concrete blocks/the flooded passageways/the mazes of mystery/the houses of string and
knots/the tunnels of twist/Suddenly!

The closer you get to The Chaos in the centre of all realities the more you will begin to notice
that time and space are not working properly. Passageways lead back onto themselves in
ways which seem to be not geometrically possible. Moments of time repeat themselves with
variations. Places which should not be close to each other become directly connected by
doorways which should not be there. Time and space become a labyrinth.

The Chaos is represented in mythology in many ways. One example is The Minotaur. The
storytellers who made up that myth were channeling something real. Their unconscious
mental functioning is similar to The Primordial Chaos. Think of it like the principle of Octaves
in music. The unconscious mind is on the same note as The Chaos but in a different octave.

If you move up in octaves you become closer to the central, chaotic nature of reality. If you move down in octaves you become closer to the Anti-Chaos, the freezing of all and everything into a solid form. An unmoving, de-energised sculpture of the universe. In that frozen state the universe would no longer be relativistic.

We live in an area of time and space which is partly pre-determined by cause and effect and partly invigorated by direct channeling from The Chaos which is the source of all. The energiser and inspiration which comes from the hub of time.

This is how life began in our seemingly linear universe. Electro-magnetism crackled in the oceans, storing random information, remembering and forgetting that information randomly and chaotically. A little element of electrical MIND happening in the chemicals of the ocean on Earth and also on other worlds.

Chaos splits, in comes structure.

Millions of years pass in the simple process of making chains of pretty patterns. This is the beginning of storytelling at molecular level. Making pretty patterns of memory structures and then forgetting them again. This is the beginning of life.

The process taking place in the oceans is merely a small part of a bigger turbulence of pattern making. The forms thus created would eventually become more complex and the pattern making in their electricity would eventually become self awareness.

One day humans would evolve and look into the abyss in the direction of The Chaos. They would see the twisting of time and space, the uncertainty of spatial location and temporal linearity, the uncertainty of reality and the tendency of probable direction, unknown outcome. The Chaos itself allows our reality to continue and prevents the existence of a closed entropic universal system.

I will send one thousand horses and you kiss the Blarney Stone,
and you'll know me for a rascal and rogue in heart and bone.
I will construct a keyboard of notes in octave shifts,
with one hand in the chaos and one hand frozen stiff.
In the middle in the middle you are jamming hot and griddle,
half your life is set methinks,
the other half you change and jinx.

Your story is not set unchanging,
While chaos lives intent deranging.

The Discordians of Faction Cornellian Hotch Potch Club tell us that they have constructed what they call a narrative piano. This intricate invention seems to be essentially a keyboard connected to memory banks of language usage and conceptualisation of behaviour patterns and interactions.

The operator or "player" of this remarkable instrument uses the keys to construct stories by the intermixing of chaotic behaviour and purposeful activity. The keys at the far right of the

keyboard produce stories of completely chaotic nature such as “I walk along longer long sounding the sand of the piper who measures per pie in the radial radius squared away squired by a squirrel whose quarrel is quashed by bye”. On the other hand, literally, are the extreme left keys which produce stories of ultimate order and sense. For example: “If X equals seven and Y equals three and X times Y plus Z equals thirty-one then the solution must be ten if solving for Z”.

The keys in the middle of the keyboard produce mixtures of both the ordered and the chaotic. For example: “Duffy estimated that the dame had fallen from an upstairs window and died at about three in the morning but there was no alcohol or other intoxicant in her blood and she was dressed in her nurse’s uniform. Duffy figured it must be something to do with that teddy bear in the bedroom and that message about fish. He didn’t know why. It was just a hunch and he had learned to trust his hunches”.

Like a regular piano the Faction Cornellian’s narrative piano is arranged in octaves and is able to produce “chords” and “dischords” by pressing different keys at the same time as each other.

There has been some controversy over the possible sacrilege of creating a model of the so-called “Ray of Creation” as a mechanism of story generation. The Faction Cornellians have responded by saying “What’s good enough for The Great Chao is good enough for us”. Of course, it has always been possible to achieve the same result without any machine or piano at all by simply allowing The Chaos to inspire our imaginations.